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# BINGVILLE BUGLE

BY NEWTON NEWHIRE

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STUCK THE HOT END INTO HIS MOUTH AND BURNT HISSELF LIKE EVERYTHING



AFTER THAT HESTER HEAVED POOR ZACK IN A ROSE BUSH.



IT PEARNS MISS AMELIA'S FELLER AINT WROTE HER FOR MOREN A WK AND SHE'S NACHERLY A GOOD EAL STEWED UP OVER IT



LEM SET DOWN AND ET TWO WHOLE PIES AT ONE SETTING

## THE BINGVILLE BUGLE

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### MUDDY ROADS EDDYTORTUL

We dont like to be allus a fuss-in & fumin and complain & sayin harsh & bitter things in this eddy-tortul collum of the Bugle about some think or other which effects the weel or woe of Bingville and yet if we as editor & prop of this updatate noospaper dont stand up for the town who will we ask? Up to this minnit we have kept quiet about the shameful & disgraceful condishon of the main st through Bingville thinkin that Jabe Parker who is the sooperviser of roads in Bingville & vicinity would wake up to the terrible responsibilities of the posishon of honner & trust to which he was elected 2 yrs. ago & which he promised on his solum oath to perform the dooties of his offis to the best of his several ability.

Has Jabe did so? We should say not! So far as we can ascertain by inquiry & observashon Jabe aint never lifted his hand but onct to improve the main thoro fare through Bingville and even that onct he made a mess of.

As we go to press with this ishue of the Bugle the Main st through Bingville looks more like a canal for boats to float on than it does a waggin road being as it consists largely of mud & water. The mud is hub deep in some places & goodness knows how deep in others—probly over your head if you was to investigate, but who in thunderashon wants to investigate?

Hank Dewberry told us only tother day he had a good mind to bild him a skift or a flat bottomed boat of some kind or other being as if he had that he kalkulates he could do a terrible big bizness ferrying folks across Main at 5 cts per head being as most ennybuddy would rather pay 5 cts per head than haft to wade through most up to their chins.

Last wk Jabe Parker our incompetant sooperviser hauld a load of big stones and dumpd em into the middle of the road in front of Bill Hepburns blacksmith shop where theyre still heaped up outen the mud & look like a mush-rat house in a lake or a beaver house.

Instid of soopervising the roads hereabouts Jabe Parker spends

most of his time down to Hen Weathersbys store playin chekkers or Old Sledge or whittlein with his jacknife and spoutin about how hed run the guvverment if he was only president of the U. S. for a few days. Hed make a Sam Hill of a Presydent Jabe would when he aint got enuff gumpshon to even soopervise the roads hereabouts. If whittlein and playin chekkers & cards would fix roads the Main st through Bingville would be dry instid of being a river.

What does people who try to drive through our midst think about the condishon of our Main st? We know what they think becuz when they got stuck in the mud we heerd some of em express theirselvs but we couldnt repeat what they said in the collums of the Bugle because their remarks aint fit to print. And then they go away and tell others what a awful town Bingville is and nacherly that dont do us no good & leaves a bad impresshon on the outside world which it takes a long time to live down. Instid of attacking strangers & commerce & manufackshures from the outside these all nacherly pass us by on tother side when they find out how deep the mud is in our midst.

And its all Jabe Parkers fault. Jabe Parker ort to be kicked outen offis and a road sooperviser elected who will soopervise. In con-clooshon we desire to state that we know somethink disgraceful about Jabe Parkers past which we persoon he wouldnt want published. Well, whether we publish it or not depends on what Jabe does to improve the road through Bingville. Let Jabe Parker beware!

THIS AINT A THREAT—ITS A PROMISE!

### Country Correspondence: ANTIOCH VILLAGE

I have been informd in reliabul authority that you aint got no correspondant in this neck of woods so I make so bold as to send you in a few jottings from hereabouts & if you publish same I will send more of same anon.

Sim Hodgkins who was 19 yrs. old last December made his 1st trip to the co. seat with his father last wk. and Sim has been a talkin about the wonders of the city ever sint. Sim says he never dreamt the world was so big.

Benj. Simpson was saw leaving the residence of Abe Giles tother evg. as late as 9 p. m. by one of the nabers. Which one of the Giles girls are you givin attention to, Benj., Lottie or Lizzie?

Jake Saunders nailed the bottoms of a pair of old rubber shoes onto the bottoms of his lether boots. He says now he feels jest as springy as a colt when he walks and can bounce along most as fast as one.

Hiram Wilkins who is nearly 70 yrs. old bet Enos Dobbs the seegars that he could turn a handspring. Hiram got along fast rate until he come to light, which he done on his back. He lost the seegars & renched hisself besides. Hiram ort to have sense enuff to know that he aint as spry as he uster be.

The last spellin bee of the season will be held at Antioch schoolhouse next Friday evg. Whether you can spell or not, come and jine in the festivities.

Mrs. Jim Wiggins had a hen to lay a dubble yolk egg last wk. Who can beat this for a dubble yolk egg? These are all the news items I can think of at the present writing. More anon perviding you put these in, but if you dont you dont need to expect to hear from me further.  
PANSY BLOSSOM.

## Missing From Home!

Quite a Skandal in the Family of Zack Whittleby Which Turnd Out Considerable Different Than Zack Expected It Would!—Thrilling Particklers os Per Below!

Zack Whittleby one of our most respected citizens has been missing from his home ever sint last Thursday evg. Nobuddy knows of Zacks whereabouts as we go to press, not even his wife Hester and she dont seem to care what became of poor Zack.

As everbuddy in Bingville knows Zack Whittleby has allus been a henpecked husband ever sint he led Hester to the altar, or rather ever sint Hester led Zack to the altar and she has tuk the lead in everything ever sint.

It is the general opinyun that Zack when he 1st got married didnt assert his rights as he ort to of did. If when he begin married bliss Zack had of stood right up to Hester and shuk his fist under her nose and give her to understand who was boss she would of knowd her place from the start & kept in it. But Zack didnt do that.

He allus was a mild mannered man and meek & humbel and when him & Hester started in housekeepin Zack nacherly give Hester her way about everything. As a result Hester who was a strong minded woman tuk advantage of Zacks meekness and 1st thing he knowd he couldnt call his soul his own in Hesters presence without havin it disposed.

Hester has allus led Zack around by the nose or ear and if he didnt jump lively when she spoke to him Hester would cuff his ears for him. Bingville folks has allus pitied poor Zack whose life has been sitch a burden, but whenever ennybuddy would tell him if they was him they would stand up for their rights and not be bossed round like he is Zack would only shake his head and say that he perfected to be bossed ruther be crippled for life.

Last Thursday evg Zack and Lem Quigly and Seth Dewberry our lion hearted constable was all getherd in Bill Hepburns blacksmith shop discussin the current topics of the day when Bill who even if he is a victim of old Demon Rum has a awful kind heart, hauld out from under a old pile of scrap iron where he had it hid a gal jug full of hard cider and past it around.

Lem he tuk quite a sizeable swig

but Zack said he guessed he wouldnt taste the cursed truck altho his mouth worted for a nip of it being as he was afraid his wife Hester would detect it on his breth. But the others egged him on until Zack tilted up the jug and kep gulpin down until Bill says he must of swallerd a pt and a haaf ennyhow.

Constable Dewberry said he wasnt what youd call a drinkin man and never drunk while he was on duty, but after lookin at his watch Seth said it was 6:10 P. M. and being as he allus knocked off work at 6 P. M. he would refresh hisself with jest a swaller which he done. Bill then tuk a long pull at the jug after which he concealed it again.

Bill got to speakin about Hester bossin poor Zack around and told Zack hed like to see his wife boss him around like that and wondered how in time Zack stood it. By this time Zack squared hisself and shut his fists and throwd out his chest and said he wasnt afraid of Hester or ennybody elses wife, or in fact he wasnt afraid of enny woman who ever wore skirts for that matter. Lem askt Zack if he felt that way about it why didnt he tell Hester that & stand up for his rights.

Zack said he wasnt afraid to tell her right to her face and if they believed he would jest to foller him home and theyd mighty quick see who was boss in his own home. They all agreed to foller him perviding hed go. So Zack told Bill if he would give him jest a few more drops of that cider hed face a roarin lion in her den and bung her eyes shut for her if necessary.

Zack tuk another pull at the jug then he started across the road in a bee line for his house with Lem and Seth and Bill sneakin along behind him to see what would happen. Seth said afterward he never seen a braver man than Zack was as he trampd up the front piazzer steps. The others lookt through the window. There set Hester inside, knittin beside a lamp on the table.

Zack throwd open the door and walkt right into the front parlor brave as a lion. Hester looked up terrible surprised. Zack stood there with his fists shut tremblin with rage and hollers at her through clenched teeth, "Woman, from this minnit henceforth I me goin to be boss in my own home! I've been a blamed fool to let you lead me round by the nose & its got to stop! If you dont obey everything I say, you'll haft to take the consequences. Put away that sittin & git me a drink of water!"

Hester looked at Zack for a minnit as if she was paralyzed by surprise. Then with a sigh of resignashon she laid her mittin on the table, tuk off her speck-tackels and got up from her chair. What follered from this pint was so unexpected by Zack and them as was lookin at the door that it almost beggers description. With one bound Hester pounced on poor Zack and afore he could say Jack Robbyson she had him by the scruff of the neck with one hand and by the hair with tother. Then she shuk Zack until Seth said he could hear his teeth rattle in his head.

Then while he was hollern "Help!" & "Murder!" Hester marched him outen the house and quick as scat swingin him around with a sweep that knocked Bill and Seth and Lem all heels over head offen the piazzer. After that Hester heaved poor Zack into a rose bush in the front yard, after which she went back into the house

and slamd the door after her, then put on her specks and set down to her mittin.

Soon as Zack could git his bearings he lit out through the front gate and down the street like as if Satan hisself was after him and aint been saw sint. Seth and Lem and Bill all getherd theirselves up and after they found their hats they snuk off home glad to have escaped with their bare lives.

Hester never said a word during the hull performance. Hester is a woman of deeds, not words.

## Personal Breefs

Ah Snyder who aint had a haircut sint last October let Harve Hines our tonsorial barber shingle his hair for him last wk & as a result Ab ketchd a terrible awful cold in his head. Ab is so mad he says if his hair ever grows out again he'll never git it cut offen his head as long as he lives.

Amos Hillier, our loryer, legal lite J. of P. Notary public & cetryer sufferd a hard bereavement recent. Abe almost had Sime Winslow and Peter Cooper who is nabers eggd on to go to law with one another, then at the last minnit to Ames disgust they both went and made up & is as friendly as can be. Abe says he kalklates he lost \$10 or \$15. of a loryers fee by them doing that.

Miss Amelia Tucker our raining sosiety queen has been pestering P. M. Eph Higgins to deth lately askin if there aint a letter for her from the co seat. It pears Miss Amelias feller over that way aint wrote to her for moren a wk and shes nacherly a good eal stewed up over it.

Hod Sloomb who is awful absent minded purchased a five et seegar down to Hen Weathersbys store tother evg and lit it up and went to puffin it and while he was thinkin of somethink else he went and stuck the hot end into his mouth & burnt hisself like ennything. Hod was so surprised and mad that he throwd the seegar into a dark corner and couldnt find it again.

Theres 5 cts gone for nothink, Hod. Mrs. Cyrus Hoskins has been purty bizzy this wk darning up her husbands socks. Mrs. Hoskins says she dont know how in common sense Cy wears his socks all through at the heels being as she would think the toes would go 1st but they dont.

Mrs. Lem Brown made five mince pies from cand mince meat last Saturday. Lem who is a great hand for pie and haddent had enny mince for quite a spell set down and et two whole pies at one sitting and has been sick ever sint. Lem says he feels like as if he never wanted to see a mince pie again as long as he lives. Whats the use of being a hog?

## Lokal Mentchion

Lokal Mentchion is awful skerce this wk. In fact there aint skerce enuff "Lokal Mentchion" to make enny mention of as we might say. During our perkariou career as editor & prop of the Bingville Bugle we have notised time and again that some wks there is more lokal mentchion than weve got room for and as a result some of it has got to go over until the next wk, and then 1st thing we know along will come a wk when lokal mentchion is skercevren hens teeth and rake & scrape as we will we cant seem to collect enuff of same to bother about printin.

This we might add is one of them wks when lokal mentchion is at a premium as we might say. However by next wk we hope to have more lokal mentchion than we have had this wk. Look out for it!

